

fever dreaming

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fever dreaming

by Anonymous

Summary

George protests the disruption to his sleeping, but some coaxing encourages him to let Dream take his temperature.

Dream frowns at the small device. 102°

That's not good.

Notes

hi yes obligatory sick fic shoutout to my bae kari <3 thanks for proofreading ilysm

FOLLOW kari.zz ON INSTAGRAM SHE'S A GOD AT ART

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Friday

“George is *what?*” Dream slams his hands down on the table, his chair sliding back as he stands abruptly. Sapnap rolls his eyes at his friend’s dramatic reaction, ignoring the heads that turn from the loud disruption.

“Do I need to say it again?” The dark haired student raises an unimpressed eyebrow, “He’s sick.”

Dream frowns, reluctantly settling back into his seat when a few others shoot unimpressed glares at him. He gathers his nearly empty cup of coffee into his hands. “George never gets sick.”

“Well, he is now.” Sapnap sighs, taking a sip of his own drink. The café is filled to the brim with people. Most of them are students either studying for tests, doing work, or just hanging out between classes. “What did you expect? He pulled three all-nighters for that stupid comp sci project.”

“Well,” Dream hesitates, adding on hopefully, “true. Maybe all he needs is a little sleep?” As long as he’s known George, the older man *never* got sick. It’s hard to believe that he is now. A part of him wonders if this was some sort of fever dream. No, he decides after a moment of thought, everything was way too normal.

His friend laughs, “I wish. According to Ponk, he’s got a fever.” The blond winces, knowing just how much fevers sucked. Not that he got sick often, but the last fever he had was one of the worst experiences of his life. He shudders just thinking about it.

Sapnap hums, looking outside at the campus. The leaves from the trees have long since turned orange, more and more of them falling to the ground with every passing day. The sky is dull, grey clouds blotting out the sun. “Doesn’t help that it’s gonna be winter soon.”

“Is Ponk taking care of him?” He asks curiously. Sapnap shakes his head, which makes a little spark of anger flare within Dream. Why the hell would George’s roommate just leave him alone when he is sick? “Why not?”

“Visiting his family for the weekend,” Sapnap explains, “he would’ve stayed but George insisted that he go. They live a few hours away too, so driving back and forth would be a hassle.” He watches his blond friend carefully for his reaction.

Dream nods slowly, trying to be understanding. He gets the decision from Ponk's perspective, yet another part of him is still annoyed at George's roommate for ditching him. But he doesn't say a word, leaning back on his chair and chugging the rest of his coffee before standing. The empty cup is thrown into a nearby trash can as he picks up his bag.

"Got class?" Sapnap inquires curiously. The blond nods, placing a few bills on the table to pay for his drink.

"I think I'll visit George after." Dream hums thoughtfully. "Just to make sure he's alright."

"Uhuh," his friend huffs sarcastically, "sure, *that's* why you're visiting." Dream balks at him, fairly certain that his cheeks are tinting pink, and glances away quickly. What the fuck is he implying? "You're such a simp," he snickers, amused by the older's reaction to his words. Dream scowls at him, bending down to flick his friend's forehead. The ravenette yelps in pain. The blond laughs.

"Serves you right." He tutts disapprovingly. Sapnap shoots a halfhearted glare at him, grumbling under his breath. "See you later?"

"Mhm," The dark haired male responds, already distracted watching the people outside. Dream watches his eyes catch onto a familiar looking boy with brown hair and freckles. He's hanging out with his usual group, someone who Dream recognizes as a pretty popular, generous senior. MrBeast. Then that would mean that the bearded one is Chandler, the one screaming is Chris, and the guy who's caught Sapnap's eye is...Karl. The blond grins to himself knowingly when Sapnap glances away quickly, pink dusting his cheeks. Graciously, he decides not to comment on it to save his best friend the embarrassment.

He leaves to his next class without saying anything else, walking through the campus cheerfully. A few people wave to him as he passes by. Wilbur is walking with a short girl—Niki, he recognizes her—and calls out a friendly, very British hello to him. Dream gives a half smile, waving to him and the blond. Niki has been kind and funny the few times they've spoken. He makes a mental note to chat with her more.

The air is cool, refreshing. Winter is fast approaching, and with winter inevitably comes snow. Dream likes the snow. If only George didn't get so sleepy during winter. It's strange, but painfully cute. The older man had never been one for the cold, so whenever winter came he became very slow and sleepy. Overall grouchiness often accompanies this behavior as well.

"Hey Dream!" Someone shouts. The blond winces, recognizing the voice of the excitable freshman

student Tommy, otherwise known as Wilbur's little brother. He's a boisterous young teen, that much is obvious. Dream half expects him to come running at him. For a reason unbeknownst to him, Tommy had always seen him as some kind of rival. Thankfully, no small teen comes bulldozing towards him. As Dream catches sight of the bright bush of blond hair, he realizes that Tommy isn't quite in the place to do so. Shuffling along at his side, wearing a jacket over a thick sweater is a shorter brunette. Ah, that's Tubbo, he realizes after a moment. Tommy's best friend. Tubbo, much like George apparently, gets very slow during the winter. Cute. He grins, giving a wave back towards Tommy as they walk by. Tubbo looks sleepy, eyes half closed as he leans on Tommy's arm for support. He clearly trusts his friend to bring him wherever they need to go.

It doesn't take long after that to make it to the college building. The door to the lecture hall is open, the seats already half filled up. Dream takes his usual seat, one in the back, and prepares for a long lecture.

He spends most of the time daydreaming, staring out the window. Notes are an afterthought—he'll just text Antfrost later. He wouldn't mind. Most of his thoughts revolve around George, wondering whether he should bring things when he came to visit. Did Ponk and George keep medicine in their dorm? He frowns at himself, deciding that he'll head over to his and Sapnap's room first to get some Advil before barging in.

Class passes painfully slowly. Dream doodles in his notebook absentmindedly, even taking the time to make a short list of things he needs before heading over. The person next to him—a brunette named...Sylvee? They haven't talked often, but she's nice, he supposes—peers over at his notebook when she notices his lack of attention. She raises an eyebrow at him after glancing over, and only when Dream looks down at his paper does he realize he's been drawing a pair of signature clout goggles coupled with someone who vaguely resembles George. It's not the best drawing, but good enough for others who've met George to match it up. Sylvee gives him a knowing smirk, to which he rolls his eyes and waves her away.

Soon enough he hears the students packing up. The professor is gathering his things into his bag, having ended the class for the day. With a sigh, Dream stuffs his notebook and pen into his backpack, slinging it over his shoulder. Sylvee bids him goodbye with a wave and a sly 'Have fun with your boyfriend!' before she giggles to herself and prances out of the lecture hall. Dream pretends not to hear her, though he knows that she hadn't missed the redness that flared on his cheeks.

Walking to his and Sapnap's dorm doesn't take long. Dream hums along to the music playing through his earbuds as he strolls through the busy hallways. After rummaging through the cabinets, he manages to dig out a few bottles of medicine. He's about to walk out when he notices the soup recipe pinned to the fridge, courtesy of Bad. It wouldn't hurt to take, right? So he grabs it, folding it carefully and slipping into his back pocket, and sets off to George and Ponk's dorm.

It's a short walk. Not too long, though he does have to climb up a few flights of stairs. Good thing he's pretty athletic. Dream hums the lyrics to the song as he studies each of the doors. George's dorm wasn't a place that he visited often, as the trio often hung out at his and Sapnap's place. Eventually he comes across the right place, according to Sapnap. Dorm 3d. On the front is a whiteboard, one that makes it far easier to distinguish just who it belongs to. Decorated in blue swirls and well drawn flowers are the words *George & Ponk*. Dream smiles triumphantly to himself, knocking on the hard material three times. There's no reply, but when he experimentally turns the knob the door swings open easily.

The blond peeks his head in cautiously, "George?" Could he have gone somewhere? Why would he leave the door unlocked, in that case? Worry pokes at the back of his mind as he steps farther in. The dorm is neat, far more organized than his and Sapnap's—that much is obvious. Dream looks to the right, seeing the kitchen that every dorm had. Sure, most colleges didn't have kitchens built into their dorms, but this school was considered top tier. Thanks to the amount of successful students it puts out into the world, it receives a lot of funding. Which, luckily, meant nicer things for everyone. "George, are you here?"

He carefully shuts the door, wandering further in. A few steps to the left is the bathroom, he presumes. So that means around the corner would be the beds. Dream peeks around the corner. Surely enough, he spots the two beds pressed against the walls. Between them, laying on the carpeted floor, is a mass of blankets. It rises and falls steadily, seemingly unaware of his presence.

"George!" He rushes to the giant blob on the floor. It groans, turning further away from him, "George, wake up."

"Mm?" His friend slurs. Dream inwardly winces at how raspy the older brunette's voice is. Yep, he's sick alright. Carefully, so as to not raise alarm, he reaches a hand out to peel the blankets enough to see the flushed face of his friend. George's brown eyes blink sleepily up at him. They look glazed over. Distant, in a way. "Dream..?"

Dream peers down at him, a small chuckle passing through his lips as he stares down at the head of messy hair. The worry that had previously settled in his stomach dissipates slightly. "Hi, what are you doing on the floor, Georgie?" He makes to peel the blanket off, much to George's distress. He whines, clinging onto the warm fabric unsuccessfully as it is taken away from him.

"Fell." George mumbles through his haze of tiredness. Dream's heart clenches painfully at the idea of a sick George making an effort to get up, only to fall onto the ground, "M'cold..." George whimpers, clinging onto the hand that Dream outstretches to him. He brings it to his cool cheeks, sighing at the warmth it provides. Dream tries his best not to melt at how cute his friend was being. Holding himself back, he scoops the shorter man into his arms. George, wearing only a t-shirt and shorts, digs his face into the soft fabric of Dream's customary green hoodie. The blond suppresses a grin as he gently sets the other on the bed. Because George had pulled the blankets onto the floor, there was nothing for him to use for warmth. The result is him curling in on himself, eyes squeezed

tightly shut.

Concern passes over his features at the sight. He walks over swiftly to pick up covers, plopping them right on the bed. George latches onto it almost immediately, pulling it around himself with a satisfied sigh. Sitting himself on the edge of the bed, Dream presses the back of his hand to George's forehead. His friend lets out a sound halfway between a groan and a hum. The blond's worry increases. *He's burning hot.*

They must have a thermometer around here somewhere, right? Dream stands up, wandering over to the kitchen. Sorting through the cabinets for a thermometer is a pain, but he finds it after a few minutes of searching. George protests the disruption to his sleeping, but some coaxing encourages him to let Dream take his temperature.

Dream frowns at the small device. 102 °. Definitely a fever. He glances back down to his friend, taking note of the way his face is scrunched up even while dozing, as if he is in pain. After fetching a glass of water from the kitchen, a few moments of gently prodding the sleepy student successfully brings him out of his dozing. Taking out some of the Advil, he holds the glass of water out with the medicine on the other hand, saying simply, "Drink."

George grumbles irritably, but he sits up nonetheless. His fingers brush gently across Dream's palm as he takes the medicine and pops it into his mouth. After downing it with water, he hands the glass back. Dream gives a bright smile of approval in return. He wonders briefly if the red that flushes George's cheeks is because of his fever. Most likely.

He lets George go back to sleep after that. Settling down on the floor next to the bed, Dream pulls out his laptop and gets started on his homework. It's a grueling process, but Antfrost sends him the notes for what he missed so it isn't too hard. English is a little more challenging, as the professor had given them a three page essay to write by next week. Awesome. He spends his time typing away, accompanied only by the sound of George's steady exhales. At some point, his phone vibrates. Once, and then twice. He picks it up, peering at the messages that pop up on the screen.

5:37 PM

conversation between Ponk and dweam

Ponk: hey

Ponk: sapnap told me that you were taking care of george for the weekend?

dweam: yeah

Ponk: how is he? i wouldve stayed but he insisted that i go

dweam: he's got a 102° fever

dweam: i gave him some advil an hour ago but

dweam: he's really out of it

Ponk: yikes. poor gogy :(

Ponk: be careful when he eats btw

Ponk: he threw up his breakfast this morning before i left

Ponk: there should be stuff in the fridge to make plain foods for when he wakes up

dweam: got it

Ponk: has he been sleeping all day?

dweam: pretty much, i've been making sure he has water

Ponk: ok good

Ponk: i have to go now, thanks for taking care of him for me

dweam: no problem

Ponk: btw, he gets clingy when he's sick. so watch out lol

dweam: noted

Dream sighs, setting his phone back down onto the floor. Craning his neck back in the direction of the bed, he's met with the sight of a sat up George blinking sleepily down at him. His brown hair is a mess, strewn about every which way. In his hands he clutches the corners of the blankets, keeping them wrapped around himself.

"Morning!" He chirps, "How do you feel?"

George frowns, peering out the window for a moment before glancing at the time displayed on Dream's open laptop. "S'evening," he points out. His voice is rough and thick with sleep. It doesn't help that the fever has thrown him into a slight delirium, making it harder for Dream to decipher his words as they blend together. Dream rolls his eyes. Why is it that even when he's sick, George still finds the energy to be a smartass?

"Whatever." He waves off the brunette's correction, getting to his feet. The laptop is set aside carefully, while his phone finds a home in Dream's back pocket. "I'll get you water and something to eat, so don't fall back asleep."

The computer science major glances away, looking tempted to do the exact opposite of what he had just said. "M'not hungry," he mutters.

The blond rolls his eyes, about to say something snappy. Usually George wouldn't care —being mean to each other was a part of their friendship—but something about the way he looks tells Dream that he wouldn't appreciate the same kind of treatment as usual. So he settles for simply saying, "You're eating."

George just sighs, puffing his cheeks out in annoyance as he turns to look out the window. Dream suppresses a chuckle—he's sort of acting like a child—and walks to the kitchen without

commenting. The glass of water isn't hard to grab, and a quick look in the fridge gives him the idea to make sandwiches. Sandwiches are plain, right? As long as he doesn't put anything too flavorful in it, it should be fine. They don't take too long to make either, thankfully. George mumbles a quiet thank you when Dream gives him the food, setting the water on the table beside the bed. Returning with his own meal shortly after, he settles back down on the floor, next to his backpack. They eat in silence, the only sound coming from Dream's occasional typing.

Dream sighs, the plate sitting empty beside him, and presses the backspace button. He feels George's gaze on him, peering over his shoulder at the half written essay. Eventually, he gives up for the day and closes the doc. He'll finish it tomorrow and revise throughout the week. With another frustrated sigh, Dream gets to his feet. He gathers the empty plates, heading back towards the kitchen to dump them in the sink.

"Do you need more water?" He calls over his shoulder, rolling his sleeves up and lifting the handle so that cool water runs from the sink tap. There's no response, even as Dream finishes washing the plates and puts them on the dishrake. He frowns, peeking his head out of the kitchen to see George sitting there, one hand clamped firmly over his mouth while the other is wrapped around his stomach.

His brown gaze flits to the blond for a moment before he heaves once, trying desperately to keep his food in his stomach. Dream's eyes widen when he realizes what's happening. He makes to grab a bowl, having to fling open the cabinet doors frantically. Unfortunately, he only gets halfway across the dorm before the dinner forces its way up George's throat. There's nothing to vomit into, so the sick splatters onto the blankets. Dream flinches, his nose wrinkling instinctively in distaste. The process is short and sweet, seeing as the meal hadn't been very large to begin with. When it's over, he walks to the beds, setting the bowl down on the desk with the water cup, and pulls George to his feet.

The computer science major flushes red with embarrassment, unable to meet his eye. "Sorry," he apologizes weakly, glancing hesitantly back at the soiled blankets before his eyes dart away in disgust.

Dream shakes his head, "It's okay," he reassures softly, "I probably should've made something blander."

George doesn't respond, but he lets Dream guide him to the bathroom. While George is occupied with cleaning himself up, Dream turns his attention to the blankets. They are, quite frankly, ruined. Searching through the cabinets gives him a large trash bag—Ponk probably predicted this, he realizes—so he stuffs the covers in there and ties it tightly shut. Dumping it near the door, he makes a mental note to stop by the campus laundry room tomorrow.

The door to the bathroom swings open and George, with his teeth brushed and his face washed, exits. His eyelids droop tiredly and he glances at the now bare bed. Dream sighs, “You wouldn’t happen to have any spare blankets, would you?”

George shakes his head, flopping face down onto the mattress. He seems cold, Dream notes to himself. The loss of the blankets meant that he’d have to sleep on the bare bed until they got washed. Common sense tells him that a sick, cold friend is not something good. Without a second thought, he’s pulling his hoodie over his head to reveal the black t-shirt underneath. He tosses it at George, the hoodie landing on top of him. George, mumbling (probably) profanities under his breath, takes his face out of his pillow long enough for his fingers to grasp the green clothing and bring it to his eyes. Normal George would’ve scoffed and tossed it back, or maybe even stared at him questioningly, but this new, sick George does not. He feels the warmth, the silky softness of the fabric, and doesn’t hesitate in tugging the entire thing on. Dream watches, his chest filling with warmth, as his friend snuggles into the hoodie—*his hoodie!*—and sighs contentedly. The article of clothing is far too large for George, that much is obvious. The sleeves encase even his hands. Dream is familiar with the term *sweater paws*, one of the trends going around recently. He hadn’t been too concerned with it until now, because *goddamn it looks cute as fuck*. Or, maybe it was the fact that it was George, of all people. Dream flushes red, discarding the thought immediately.

The idea to take the other’s temperature again suddenly strikes him. Good idea, he tells himself. George is quiet when Dream reads the results. 101 °. That’s good, at this rate he’d be better by Monday. When he glances back up, George has turned his back to him, the pillow propped up by one of his arms, and looks to be sleeping.

Dream puts the thermometer on the table, sitting quietly down on the edge of the bed. The older man doesn’t react to this. The blond glances outside, at the star filled sky. It’s late, he should’ve probably headed home for the night. He gathers his things quietly, zipping up his backpack and making sure he didn’t leave a mess in the kitchen. He can hear George shifting around in his sleep, turning and shifting with nearly silent exhales passing steadily through his lips. Dream smiles fondly, crouching down so that he can press the back of his hand to his friend’s forehead. It’s still hot, but there is a noticeable difference from a few hours prior.

Just as he makes to pull away, George moves. His arm reaches out, grabbing blindly at the blond’s hand to pull it closer. Dream watches, mesmerized, as the brunette’s eyes crack open slightly. He’s still out of it, he chuckles to himself, but the amusement is promptly discarded when George nuzzles cutely into his hand. His soft lips brush gently against his calloused palm, sending tingles of fire up his arm.

“Warm.” He slurs sleepily, eyelids rising and falling as they threaten to fall shut again. “Stay.”

“You’re still cold?” Dream laughs despite the burning redness on his cheeks. His heart thrums uncomfortably against his chest. A part of him wonders if George could hear the way it was

threatening to burst through, or even the sound of the blood roaring in his ears. This must be the clinginess the Ponk had talked about. He, for some reason, feels a little annoyed at the thought of the brunette acting this way towards anyone else.

“Stay,” George repeats. His grip on Dream’s wrists tighten, as if he had the power to prevent the blond from leaving. He sighs, his warm breath pressing against Dream’s palm.

So he does.

Dream tries his best not to squirm as he settles onto the bare bed. George latches onto the heat source immediately, grabbing at the warm arm that settles next to him. He blinks up at the ceiling, trying to figure out how he should handle the situation. Cuddling with his best friend was definitely not how he expected to end the day. Surprisingly, George doesn’t take long to fall asleep, even if he had spent most of the day passed out. His steady breathing fills the room, the warmth of his body a constant, exigent presence beside the blond.

Dream doesn’t know exactly when he falls asleep. He feels his eyelids slowly grow heavier as he listens. At some point, George shifts in a way that presses him closer, if that was even possible. Something that Dream deciphers as contentment warms his stomach, spreading through his body. He doesn’t mind staying like this.

Maybe George being sick wasn’t such a bad thing after all.

2:08 AM

conversation between sappynappy and dweam

sappynappy: imagine not coming back to your dorm because you’re too busy making out with your boyfriend to properly tell your roommate you aren’t coming back for the night

sappynappy: my best friends left me for each other :(

sappynappy: why am i always the third wheel

sappynappy: dream?

sappynappy: don't tell me you are actually asleep right now

sappynappy: DREAMMMMMMM

sappynappy: STOP CUDDLING WITH GOGY AND ANSWER

sappynappy: ...

sappynappy: simp

Saturday

Chapter Notes

don't really know what went on here

i don't have a specific plan for this, i originally intended it to be a one shot but it evolved into more :shrug:

credit for text message format goes + the clout daddy line goes to Lilbug. I really liked the way they formatted it so I just kind of took it lol sorry, also their MCYT college group chat AU is great so check it out!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing that Dream notices when he wakes up is that he smells vanilla. The calming, sweet scent invades his nose, temptingly trying to lure him back to sleep. The second thing he notices is that he's *warm*. There's some weight pressed into his front. He can hear the steady breathing of the person, can feel the way their legs are tangled together and how two hands fist into the material of his shirt. It registers in his mind vaguely that his arms are wrapped around this sweet scented person. Something soft brushes against his face, a barely noticeable, featherlike graze that sends more vanilla scent up his nose.

Groggily, he cracks an eye open to see a wall that is most definitely not his. Bright sunlight shines into the room, making the room far too bright for the freshly awoken Dream. His gaze wanders down, to the head of brown hair and then the green clad person pressed up against him.

The memories of yesterday come rushing in. Everything, from the blanket incident to George asking him to stay to even Ponk's text messages. He yawns, blinking slowly as both his eyes adjust to the lighting. He tugs his arm, about to get up, when he realizes that the other is laying on it. Dream sighs, carefully tugging his arm out from under the shorter man. George grumbles quietly, reaching out for the missing heat. Dream, shrugging, pushes a stray pillow into his arms. The brunette buries his face in it, sighing quietly.

The blond stretches with another yawn, looking around the dorm. Nothing has changed, expectedly. The bag of blankets is still by the door, and his backpack is still by the bed. He heads to the bathroom, looking in the mirror at his disheveled features. His black t-shirt is wrinkled, so he straightens it and runs a hand through his messy blond locks before wandering back to the bed. George is still peacefully asleep, and shows no sign of hearing him even as he picks up his backpack and winces, stretching his leg out. Turns out that jeans are not the best thing to sleep in.

Closing the door quietly behind him, Dream sets out with the giant bag in his arms and his

backpack slung over his shoulder. He, unsurprisingly, gathers a few weird stares on the way. Some people are confused as to why a junior was lugging a giant, blanket filled trash bag in his arms in the morning, while others wonder why the one and only Dream himself was coming freshly woken up from the direction of dorms that definitely weren't his. After stuffing the blankets in the washer, he tosses the now empty bag into the trash can and sets an hour-long timer.

Sapnap is probably mad at me, he muses to himself, *oh well*. He was far too used to Sapnap getting pissed at him, though most times it was more of a playful anger rather than serious. Now, he's too preoccupied with the thought that he feels unnaturally *bare*, exposed without his signature hoodie. Being outside without it was weird, but he doesn't regret giving it to George. Just the sight of the shorter man wearing it had sent butterflies raging through his stomach in a flurry of happiness. He hums to himself, walking through the familiar hallways leading to his and Sapnap's room. The door isn't hard to spot. Even if most doors looked the same, he could recognize theirs from a mile away.

A slight smile lifts his lips as he gets closer, able to see the little black smiley face that someone—probably Punz, now that he thinks about it—had scribbled onto the material long ago. It's unlocked, as it always is—for some reason people thought that they could just barge in whenever they wanted, so the two eventually just gave up and left it. Dream pushes it open, already seeing Sapnap and Skeppy sitting on the beanbags thrown near the corner of the room, a plate full of pancakes in each of their laps. Skeppy is here, so that means Bad must be in the kitchen.

Sapnap glances up from his phone, raising a single eyebrow as the blond closes the door behind him, "Well well, look who finally decided to come home."

"Dream's here?" Bad pokes his head out of the kitchen, "Good morning!"

Dream rolls his eyes, "Shut up Sapnap." he retorts. Turning to Bad, "Morning, Bad. And Skeppy," he adds after a moment. Skeppy, through a mouthful of pancakes, waves and mumbles out what Dream presumes is a greeting. "I just came back to shower and get some stuff before going back."

"Simp." Sapnap scoffs, shooting a mock glare at him. "You ignored my texts for George." He fakes hurt, sniffling dramatically. Skeppy, going along with his terrible acting, pats him on the back sympathetically.

Dream rolls his eyes, frowning a second later, "Texts?" He hadn't looked at his phone yet, being too preoccupied with the things he set out to do. "I haven't checked my phone." He pulls out the small device, tapping the blank screen a few times. The screen lights up, showing his lock screen and the most recent notifications. He skims over the nine unread messages before glancing up at his raven haired friend. "You're an idiot."

“Am I wrong?” Sapnap shrugs, “You did leave me for George.”

“He’s *sick!*” Dream exclaims in frustration. Skeppy snickers, while Bad pops out of the kitchen again. “And we weren’t making out.” He adds on, scowling, “There’s something wrong with you.”

“Dream and George were making out?” Bad says, eyes wide. Sapnap grins and nods, making the brown haired student whip his head towards him, “You guys are in a relationship?!”

Dream gapes at him, “No! Bad-”

“Gream is canon!” Skeppy shouts, his plate of pancakes now empty. Dream doesn’t even begin to question how he could have eaten them so fast. Bad frowns, obviously catching on to the joke, which makes Dream throw his hands up in exasperation, dumping his backpack on the floor as he walks over to rummage for his clothes.

“Fuck you guys.”

“Love you too.”

“Language!”

Dream runs the towel through his hair one more time, shaking out the water droplets. He hums, opening the bathroom door to see Bad peering over Sapnap’s shoulder. He’s watching the younger man play a game—Valorant, he thinks—with some degree of interest. Skeppy is still on the beanbags, scrolling through his phone.

Bad, hearing the door open, extends an arm and points towards the kitchen, “I made pancakes for you and George.”

“Thanks.” He shoots his friend a half smile, despite him not looking in his direction. Picking up his backpack and shrugging another hoodie on—this one a light gray, he waves goodbye, “I’m gonna head back now.”

“Bye!” Skeppy and Sapnap chorus, not looking up from their two devices. Sapnap, dying in the game a second later, turns to look at him, “Don’t get sick.”

“I’ll make George some of my soup later!” Bad chimes in cheerfully, “So I’ll stop by after lunch or something.”

“Thanks,” he rolls his eyes at the dark haired student, frowning at the brown haired one, “Bad, are you sure? I don’t want you getting sick too.”

“Bad’s not allowed to go in the room,” Skeppy says simply as he looks up from his phone, ignoring his roommate’s exclamation of ‘what? why?!’ and shooting a pointed look at the blond, “he gets sick way too easily. And you know who has to take care of Bad when he’s sick? Me.”

Dream shrugs, “Alright,” he agrees easily. Bad’s protests are ignored by the two as Dream grabs the two plates, his backpack already slung over his shoulder, and shoves an entire pancake into his mouth. Skeppy frowns at him.

“You’re eating it dry?” He asks, distaste wrinkling his nose, “Disgusting.”

He rolls his eyes, not replying, and opens the door. Sapnap is already engrossed in the new round of his game, while Skeppy offers a halfhearted wave, returning his gaze back to his phone. Bad calls out a goodbye coupled with a promise to stop by later, and then he is off.

The hallways are busier now. Students roam to and fro, utilizing the weekend to do whatever non-school related things that they needed to do. The walk doesn’t take long, and soon Dream is balancing both plates on one hand while opening the unlocked door with his other. George is, surprisingly, awake. Laying on the bed with his phone in hand, scrolling through one of his many social media apps.

“Morning! Bad made pancakes.” Dream calls cheerfully. George’s back is turned to him, but at the sound of his voice he rolls slightly to peer over his shoulder. The blond had forgotten all about the hoodie, but seeing George actually cognizant and still *wearing* it despite this sent heat flooding to his cheeks. He clears his throat awkwardly, offering the untouched plate out, “Here.”

George, thankfully, does not comment on this. He frowns, “I woke up and you were gone.” The brunette takes the plate nonetheless, tapping carefully at the lukewarm pancakes so as to not potentially burn his fingers. Dream suddenly feels guilty for leaving the older student without some

sort of note, but he plays it off.

“Aww, did Georgie miss me?” He coos, smirking to himself the brunette’s cheeks flush red and he glances away. He grins triumphantly, “So you do love me after all!”

“Can’t talk. Eating now.” George mutters, tearing a piece of the pancake off and shoving it in his mouth. Dream laughs, his grin softening into a small smile. *He seems like he is better than yesterday.*

“How’re you feeling?” he asks, plopping himself down on the mattress. George, swallowing, shrugs.

“Less terrible.” he answers, staring out the window. “My brain isn’t as foggy as yesterday. Stomach feels better.”

The blond snickers, thinking back to the events prior, “Yeah, you were reeeeally out of it yesterday,” he drawls. George scowls at him, to which he simply laughs. “Ponk’s right. You are clingy when you’re sick.”

“No, I’m not!” He protests loudly, his cheeks tinting red.

Dream rolls his eyes, “Yes, you are.” He raises the pitch of his voice unnecessarily high, playfully mocking his older friend, “You were like ‘oh Dream!’ this and ‘Dream stay!’ that. Oh I’m so cold! I’m George and I pulled three all-nighters and got sick like an idiot! I need Dream to take care of me!” He wheezes at his own impression, the expression on his friend’s face making the situation even funnier.

“I do not sound like that.” George deadpans, turning back to his food after another moment. There’s a brief moment where neither of them say anything, and then he adds on simply, “I hate you.”

“No you don’t.” Dream quips back, giving him one of his customary shit-eating grins.

The brunette sighs, “No, I don’t.” he admits sourly, passing a piece of pancake between his fingers before shoving it in his mouth, “Doesn’t mean that I don’t want to beat you to death sometimes, though.”

Dream, being Dream, just laughs.

“Heard your boyfriend was sick.” Dream raises an eyebrow at the pink haired junior leaning against the hallway wall. Techno grins at him, which is hard to see considering Dream is carrying a large bulky blanket in his arms, and crosses his arms.

“Never took you for a stalker, Technoblade.” He retorts, lowering it slowly to the floor. Something tells him that this interaction wasn’t going to be particularly quick, and he wasn’t fond of holding something heavy in his arms longer than he needed to. “What brings you here? Running from Dadza again?”

“Don’t call him that,” He drawls slowly. Dream chuckles at that, letting him continue. Techno tilts his head far too innocently, “is it a crime to talk to my friend?”

“We both know you’re only friends with me for the clout.” Dream shoots back. He smirks when the other gives a solemn nod of agreement, adding on after, “I’m your clout daddy.”

Techno stares at him. One minute passes, and then two, and still he doesn’t say anything.

“I am going to get Phil to expel you.” The blond wheezes, his signature tea kettle laugh, and the fact that Techno does not find it funny in the slightest makes the whole situation even more hilarious. He takes deep breaths, trying to stabilize his breathing, while the other student stares at him, clearly unimpressed. In the midst of this whole ordeal, the fucking *Pacman intro* plays. Dream laughs even harder when Techno mutters something incoherent under his breath, fishing his phone out of his pocket.

“Y-Your ringtone is the *Pacman intro* ?” He gasps out, unable to catch his breath for even a second before another fit of wheezes escape him. Technoblade raises an eyebrow.

“Yes, and what about it?” He seems unfazed, even as Dream clutches his stomach and doubles over, tears blurring his vision. “Hold on, one sec.” Techno taps what is probably the answer button, holding the small device up to his ear. “Heyyy Phil.”

“Techno.” Even from his place, Dream can hear the accented voice of Philza, otherwise known as

Techno, Wilbur, and Tommy's adopted father. He doesn't sound too happy, the student notes as he sucks in trembling breaths to steady his breathing. "Care to explain the call I got from the school?" There's a pause, and then, "Who the fuck is dying behind you?"

"Oh," he says impassively, "that's Dream."

"Hi Phil!"

"Why the—" Phil cuts himself off, switching gears, "—hi Dream. Where are you two right now?" At the question, Techno shakes his head slowly, eyes narrowed. Wailing alarms blare loud in Dream's head, warning him against what he was debating doing. Then again, he had never been one to follow his conscience.

He shoots a shit-eating grin at Techno, answering loudly, "Third building, fourth floor! Near the laundry room."

"Great, I'm on my way," Phil's muffled voice comes through the speaker. Techno scowls, grumbling under his breath as he hangs up, cutting off Phil's 'thanks Dre-' in favor of shoving his phone back into his pocket.

"Screw you." He huffs, looking over his shoulder at the empty hallway before pushing past the blond.

"Maybe later!" Dream calls after his retreating figure, picking the blanket bag up from where he had set it on the floor during the interaction. He watches Techno pick up the pace, stopping every few steps to look at the window, down at the campus roads.

"I hope your boyfriend gets you sick."

Dream grins to himself, setting back off to return to George's room. The walk is short, the hallways only a little busy. He hums to himself, happy with the way that the day has gone so far, and soon he's pushing the door back open to meet the slightly surprised face of his best friend.

George stares at him.

He blinks back.

“Oh—uh, sorry,” the brunette mutters suddenly, stepping to the side to let him open the door wider as he snaps out of his reverie, “I was just wondering what was taking you so long.”

“Ran into Techno.” He explains shortly, stepping inside. The bag is unceremoniously tossed onto George’s bed, bouncing a couple of times before it finally settles on the sheets.

George frowns, “Isn’t Techno’s dorm on the second floor?”

“Yep.” Dream answers, popping the ‘p.’ George tilts his head curiously at him, making the blond do a quick glance over of his body and—*oh fuck*.

Dream doesn’t think he’ll ever get used to the sight of George wearing his green, oversized hoodie. Before, he had only ever seen the shorter man wearing it while sitting down or sleeping. Now, though, he gets a full image. The green fabric reaches further down than he had expected it to, stopping just above the hem of George’s basketball shorts. The white hoodie strings are uneven, but somehow aesthetic as the brunette absentmindedly tugs one between his fingers, which just barely peek out of the sleeves. Dream’s breath hitches in his throat, his eyes darting quickly away before returning, then moving away again. *I’m like some highschooler*, he thinks to himself, slightly annoyed with his own actions, *what the fuck is wrong with me?*

“Dream?”

He blinks back to life, snapping out of his whirlwind of simpful thoughts. He motions to the hoodie, trying not to let his voice waver, “You’re still wearing it.”

“Oh.” George looks down at himself for a brief moment, moving to sit back down on the edge of his bed, “It’s warm.” he says simply. He turns away, head dipping down to stare at his phone, but even so Dream doesn’t miss the red flush that has begun to dust his cheeks.

Dream dons a dopey grin. He probably looks like a lovesick fool, he realizes after a moment, but even as he hunts through the cabinets for the thermometer and forces George to let him take his temperature yet again, he doesn’t mind the idea of it all that much. Maybe he is a bit of a fool, he admits to himself. Dream grins, to which George raises a curious eyebrow (this is ignored), and makes a mental note to never admit his thoughts to Sapnap. The ravenette would never let him live it down.

3:47 PM

conversation between wiblur and dweam

wiblur: techno got a lecture from Phil this afternoon

wiblur: he blames you

wiblur: be on the lookout

dweam: oh well

dweam: life was getting a little boring anyway

“Hey,” George says hesitantly. Dream looks up from his laptop, pausing the game of Minecraft he was playing to look over his shoulder. *He looks nervous for some reason*, Dream notes silently.

“What’s up?” He asks casually, trying to ease his friend’s tension. Despite the lowering of his fever, George still seems a little out of it—still not fully back to himself. The brunette glances away, out the window, before twisting his head back. Dream absentmindedly thinks that this will be one of the only times that George is taller than him, with the other seated comfortably on the bed and himself settled on the floor next to it.

George’s eyes move to meet Dream’s green ones before darting away quickly. Dream tries not to smile affectionately at that, waiting patiently for the older student to continue. George takes a deep breath, playing again with the strings of the hoodie, beginning quietly, “Can you, um, can you stay again? It’s—it gets cold at night and I don’t like sleeping here alone.”

Dream grins brightly, painfully aware of the bright redness on both his and George’s cheeks—*God they are both idiots*—and tries to keep the raw happiness out of his voice as he agrees. He fails, miserably, but it’s worth it because George smiles that adorable grin of his and Dream almost chokes because *holy shit he’s fucking cute as fuck what the fuck I’m so in love*.

6:48 PM

conversation between sappynappy and dweam

dweam: staying the night at George's again

sappynappy: make sure to have a safe word

sappynappy: safe sex is important

dweam: fuck you

Chapter End Notes

I have a twitter now! follow me @Alienu_ :D

sorry if this chapter was a little boring!! will try and put more fluff out next time

Link to Lilbug's fic: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/26490322/chapters/64556413>

Sunday

Chapter Notes

HI! Sorry this took so long, I ended up getting caught up with other fics. I probably won't upload for a while, because I'm working on a super long project for you all! So enjoy my last upload for the next few weeks. Sorry. :(

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George wakes up slowly, head fuzzy, pressed against something warm. It smells nice, he thinks groggily to himself, like evergreen and pine. The warmth shifts slightly, moving away, much to his annoyance. George presses closer with a small whine, curling his fingers into the soft fabric as if it would stop the heat from moving.

His mind is foggy, clouded with sleepiness and a feverish sort of haze, the only thing registering in his brain that he wants to be warm, and that someone—he vaguely remembers that it is Dream—is providing this warmth. In any other circumstances he would have flushed bright red and scrambled away, but now he couldn't bring himself to. He was far too comfortable, and the blond cuddling with him didn't seem to have much of a problem with it. George, in his sleep addled state, vaguely wonders if Sapnap was right. The ravenette has always complained about third wheeling with the two, whining about how they acted like 'the main characters of a high school rom-com.'

He hated to admit it, but Sapnap was kind of right. He had long gotten used to the fact that yes, he does like Dream in a non-friendly way. In fact, his thoughts about the younger student were anything *but* friendly. He doesn't know exactly why he does—Dream is remarkably idiotic sometimes, despite being one of the top students—but he's accepted it. A part of him almost hopes, *dares to hope* that Dream may like him back. He doesn't take the chance of acting on that though, far too paranoid and anxious. He's content (sort of), staying like this. Friends.

Thoughts of romance dissipate quickly when George makes the mistake of cracking an eye open. Bright sunlight shines into the room, a sharp contrast to the darkness of sleep he had become accustomed to. The brunette squeezes his eyes shut with a quiet hiss, burying his face back into the warm chest before him. That's far too bright, he decides hazily, trying to blink away the burning pain behind his eyelids. A brief moment passes before it leaves, sleep already beginning to grab hold of him again. The arms curl tighter as the blond sighs quietly above him, soft lips brushing gently against his forehead. George hums contentedly, breaths slowing as he slips into sleep once again.

When he wakes up for the second time, the first thing he notices is that Dream is no longer there, a pillow settled into George's arms in his place. George grumbles in annoyance, blinking slowly to let his eyes adjust this time. The blanket lays tangled at the end of the bed. The brunette sighs, ears

recognizing the distant sound of someone humming. It sounds as if it's coming from the kitchen. He sits up, blinking away the darkness creeping at the edge of his vision when blood inevitably rushes to his head. His head still feels a little foggy, not as much so as the days prior, but the fog is still there and George has to focus hard for his tongue to form his friend's name as he wants it to. "Dream?"

The humming stops. Footsteps come walking closer and Dream peers around the corner, hair messy (as it always is) and looking as if he had woken up long ago. He sees George sitting up, legs crossed, and his face lights up. "You're awake!"

He frowns, hating the way he sounds but unable to do anything about it, "You left me."

The blond's expression falls slightly, looking guilty. "Sorry, I was making food." he says, wincing at the eyebrow raise George gives in return, his thoughts of abandonment discarded in favor of concern for the kitchen. "I'm not going to burn anything, I promise."

"That's what you said," he says slowly, head aching a little just at the memory of what happened last time Dream was allowed in a kitchen, "when the school still offered a Home Economics class."

Dream looks indignant at that, crossing his arms at the reminder, "It's not my fault Sapnap is fucking arsonist, okay? He used the stove to *set* the bread on fire!"

"You tried to put it out with water, Dream."

"How was I supposed to know it would've made it worse?"

"Dream. You watched him light the bread with the *gas made fire* from the stove."

He chuckles sheepishly, one hand raising to rub the back of his neck, "Okay, well, you see—"

"Just—" George interrupts, pressing his hands to his temples. He really doesn't want to go through this again. "—I'm hungry." Dream takes the cue and leaves it at that.

“Right,” the blond nods determinedly, “on it.” He ducks back into the kitchen for a short moment, only to peek out a second later. George tilts his head curiously at him, halfway beginning to slide off the bed, to which Dream shrugs in a noncommittal manner. He retreats into the kitchen. George absentmindedly wonders how far the nearest fire extinguisher is.

He slips off the bed, feet settling gently on the carpeted floor. It’s the first time he’s stood in hours, and the fever makes his head spin for a short moment before it alleviates slightly. He sighs, heading over to grab some clothes before disappearing into the bathroom to shower. The water is hot on his skin—just the way he likes it—and he tilts his head to let the soothing warmth run through his hair. George sighs happily, leaning against the shower wall. Only a few moments pass before the sound of a plate being dropped sounds in the background, and then a muffled ‘Oh fuck’ follows that is so *Dream-like* that he can’t help but chuckle, even if one of their few dishes was at the risk of being broken.

When he exits the bathroom, hair damp but clean, Dream greets him with a bright smile. He holds out two plates of toast, decorated with strawberries and with scrambled eggs scattered along the sides. He looks triumphant, as if it was a great feat for him to not have burnt something (though that was questionable seeing as the edges of the toast were a bit black). George finds it a bit cute. “I did it, see?”

“Congrats,” George smiles, adding on sincerely, “I’m proud of you.” Dream beams. George ignores the way his heart stutters. He reaches forward to take the plate—it’s a bit heavier than expected—and moves to sit back on his bed. Dream settles beside him, his thigh brushing faintly against the older student’s. The food that the blond has made tastes surprisingly good, he realizes as he takes a bite. Hopefully his stomach will be less upset than the days prior. He *is* feeling better, enough to form coherent sentences and stand on his own, so those are good signs in itself.

Dream, much to his annoyance, insists on taking his temperature again right after breakfast. In the end George doesn’t mind all that much because when finished, the blond pats him on the head and coos ‘Good Georgie!’ He covers up his small smile with a halfhearted eye roll, to which Dream chuckles.

“Judging by the way things are looking, you should be better by tomorrow.” He confirms cheerfully. “Which means I can go home and Sapnap will stop throwing a tantrum.”

George feigns hurt, “You make it sound like you don’t want to stay.” Dream stares at him for a split second before blinking. He turns away to stare out the window. George giggles, “I was joking, you know. Ponk is coming back tomorrow.”

“I’ve heard.” he says levelly, watching the clouds roll past. The brunette raises an eyebrow at his sudden change in demeanor, tucking his knees up to his chest and leaning against the wall. Dream

sighs. “So did you actually want me to stay, or was that the fever talking?”

“...What do you mean?” He tilts his head in confusion. Dream raises a hand to his face, presumably out of frustration.

“I mean—“ He cuts himself off, sighing again. “—did you actually like....you know...” George stares blankly at the back of the blond’s head, lips parted as a bemused ‘uhh’ escapes him. Dream seems flustered, if the red tinting his ears was any indication. The younger blows an exasperated breath out. He turns to the older abruptly, making the blankets shift and the bed tremble at the adjustment. George takes in the sight of the endearing redness flushing his cheeks, staring in slight disbelief at the look in his green eyes. Dream is always so confident—for good reason, of course—in fact he was one of the most confident students George knew. But now he seems unsure, maybe even insecure if he dared to go that far. Dream takes a deep breath, his piercing gaze digging right into George’s in a way that sends chills up his spine. He internally gulps.

“Ponk said you are clingy with everyone when you’re sick. So when you asked me to stay was that...would you have done that with anyone?”

“Wh...What?” George flusters, “I’m not clingy!”

Dream blows out a puff of air, sighing and turning back to look outside. He doesn’t speak again. George frowns, fingers curling into the blanket. *Am I clingy?*

Cuddling with Dream, wanting him to stay, getting worried when he leaves for too long...that’s not *that* clingy, right? George digs his teeth into his bottom lip, his mind caught up in a frantic whirlwind of justifications for those actions and doubtful thoughts. *Maybe I am clingy*, he blinks, *is that clinginess?* He doesn’t actually recall doing that with anyone else, not even his roommate. At most, Ponk could say that he whined a lot and slept most of the time. Not particularly...clingy.

He reaches out, enough so that his fingers can grasp the soft material of Dream’s hoodie. He tugs it slightly. Dream turns back towards him at the action, eyebrows lowered and his green eyes dim with an emotion that George can’t decipher. “What?” He sounds....bitter, if that’s even the right word to use. He hesitates. Dream stares at him expectantly, waiting for him to speak.

“Um,” George falters, grip loosening slightly. He inhales sharply. Now or never. “I don’t...um...I don’t do that with other people. At most I just...ask for food and sleep. I don’t, uh,” he looks away, cheeks hot, “I don’t ask them to cuddle or anything.”

Dream doesn't speak. George lets go of the hoodie and lets his hand fall to the mattress with a soft thud, anxiousness brewing in his gut. The air is still, painfully so, as seconds turn into minutes and still nothing is said.

When the blond speaks again, it's quiet and wary, as if he expects something bad. "Is now a...is now a good time?"

"For what?" George's eyebrows lower in confusion. He doesn't quite understand what Dream is getting at.

The younger inhales sharply, puffing out his cheeks for a short moment before he turns to George. The careful hands that move to grip the Brit's shoulders cause him to widen his eyes in surprise.

"Do you like me, George?"

"What?" He swallows, tongue suddenly heavy like lead. Was the room always this hot? He chuckles a little, playing with the sleeves of Dream's green hoodie nervously. "I mean...yeah, you're my friend."

"Is that.." Dream looks disappointed, "Is that all I am to you? A friend?"

"Um..."

Dream sighs, scooting closer towards him. The hands on his shoulders move to cup his hot cheeks. George bites his lip, not sure if it's the fever making his head spin or the fact the Dream's face is getting steadily closer. A part of him wildly wonders if he's gonna kiss him.

No kiss comes. Not even a gentle brush of Dream's lips against his. George breathes raggedly when instead, Dream's forehead comes into contact with his, green eyes dark in a way that makes his breath hitch in his throat and his heart thud heavy against his ribcage. It's not a look dark with lust—certainly not—but rather...pining? Determination? George meets Dream's gaze, the younger's soft breaths blowing hot against his lips, and wonders if the other could hear his loud, screaming brain.

"Is this okay?" Dream murmurs softly. George's eyes flicker briefly down to his lips, darting back up a second later as his cheeks flush impossibly redder. He gives a slight nod, barely moving his

head, but Dream sees this and smiles slightly. “Do you want to,” he starts quietly and pauses for a moment, sounding uncertain only to try again, “do you want to watch a movie later?”

“Like now?” George whispers back cluelessly. Dream chuckles softly.

“No, I meant Wednesday, or something. There’s a theater that has really good popcorn nearby.” George gulps, mind buzzing. *Is this really happening?*

“Like...” he falters, not wanting to sound stupid. “Like, just us two?” Dream hums quietly in affirmation. George frowns, heart pounding. “Like...a date?”

“Like a date.” He confirms. He blinks, and George watches the way he blinks, eyelashes brushing gently against his skin. It’s common knowledge that Dream is attractive, further adding on to his boisterous personality, and that served to make him a...chick magnet, one would say. Now, though, he looks pretty in a way that is soft, features forcibly relaxed yet nervous, his thumbs tracing subconscious circles on the older’s cheeks. George doesn’t mind all that much. In fact, the steady, repetitive movement on his skin is soothing. His silence prompts Dream to pull back slightly, disappointment lacing his tone, “Do you not want to?” Panic curls tight in his stomach.

“I do!” He blurts out, watching Dream’s eyes widen for a split second before a grin stretches across his lips. George faintly wonders if it’s possible for his face to get any more red than it already is. “I do.”

“Awesome.” He pulls back, his warm hands leaving the older’s cheeks. George blinks a couple of times, missing the contact, but too caught up in his disbelief about what had just happened.

“Why did you ask like that?” He frowns, a bit confused. Dream shoots him a pointed look, as if it were obvious why. (Which it isn’t.)

He sighs, “You would’ve avoided my question otherwise. You always do.” Dream rolls his eyes. George gawks at him. He’d like to disagree, but a part of him knows that it’s true. George is not a very confrontational person, that much is obvious, so a part of him is glad for the way Dream had asked—even if it did fluster him a lot more than he would’ve preferred. Warmth fills his chest at the thought of going on a date—is he allowed to call it that?—with *Dream*, the person who’s been the cause of his inner turmoil for months now.

So he settles for a muttered ‘Whatever’ that makes the blond chuckle softly. George sighs, picking

up his phone and opening Twitter to hopefully distract himself from the flustering man just in front of him.

He pretends not to notice how Dream leaves the room, the door shutting behind him quietly. He also pretends not to hear the loud 'LET'S FUCKING GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO' that rings through the hallways, shortly before the younger returns back with a slightly flushed face and a triumphant grin.

George hopes that Dream doesn't see the affectionate smile he tries (and fails) to stifle.

11:34 AM

gogy to DreamNotFound Corps

gogy: HE DID IT

sappynappy: I KNOW

sappynappy: FUCKING FINALLY

Ponk: wait seriously???? ACTUALLY??

gogy: YES

Ponk: LETS GO

bbh: I'm so happy for you george!! :D

karljacobs: POG

Callahan: :O

awesamduke: if that isn't a pog moment i don't know what is

gogy: i feel like this is a dream

sappynappy: very funny haha

gogy: I'M SEROIUS SAPNAP IS THIS REAL

sappynappy: very, very real

bbh: does that mean we have to change the name to Karlnap Corps now?? And add dream?

sappynappy: WHAT.

Chapter End Notes

I'm super proud of myself for finishing this. I usually don't have much motivation for multichapter fics, so even if this was only 3 chapters I'm really happy that I got it done! Thanks to everyone for stopping by! Love you all. <3

End Notes

multiple chapters because 12 am brain said "let's make this super long," don't expect weekly updates i still have to work TMBTTS

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!